

Lenora and the Legend of the Boneknapper

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Summary: Requested by fans. Companion piece to "How Lenora Trains Her Dragon." When Gobber's home is set on fire, he insists it's the work of the Boneknapper, a dragon everyone else in Berk believes is a myth. When he sets off to deal with the beast, Lenora decides to stand by him and accompany him on his quest with Toothless and her friends. But is Gobber right or is it just a myth? R&R!

Lenora and the Legend of the Boneknapper

Lenora and the Legend of the Boneknapper

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Late one summer's evening, Berk's now-routine peacefulness was being disturbed as the home of the blacksmith, Gobber, was ablaze with a terrible fire. Lenora and her friends worked together with their dragons to collect large quantities of water to quench the fire under her father's direction, but although they were able to put the flames out, Gobber remained missing.

Lenora bit her lip in worry as she landed Toothless after dousing the last hotspot with water. _Gobber, where are you? _She landed next to her father, Stoick the Chief of the village.

"Dad, where's Gobber? Is he still inside?" asked Lenora.

"No. We can't find him," said Stoick, looking worried.

"I'm right here!" said Gobber. He was walking towards them with a wheelbarrow full of his possessions. His pet sheep, Phil, was walking beside him, and he looked thoroughly agitated while Phil just looked bored.

Relieved to see that her godfather was safe and well, Lenora ran up to him and hugged him tight. "Gobber, I was so worried. Are you

okay?"

"Aye, I'm fine, lass," he assured her. "You needn't worry. Takes more than a little fire to get rid of me, remember?"

"Thank goodness for that," said Lenora.

Stoick came up to them. "Gobber, it's good to see you're okay, but what in Odin's name just happened?"

"What does it look like? A dragon set my home on fire!" said Gobber. He raised an angry fist at the night sky. "You've pushed me too far this time, you ugly bag of bones!"

Everyone looked confused and surprised by this. A dragon set Gobber's house on fire? He couldn't be serious, could he? There'd been nothing but peace been the people of Berk and the dragons since the Battle of Red Death.

Lenora frowned in confusion. "Gobber, what're you talking about? Our dragons don't do that stuff anymore." Granted it could've been a rogue dragon, or something of the like, but the odds of that were quite small, weren't they?

"He doesn't mean one of yours, Nora," said Stoick, sighing. He turned to Gobber. "Gobber, for the last time, there's no such thing as aâ€" "

"Boneknapper?" interrupted Gobber.

Everyone in the village groaned and rolled their eyes, except for Lenora, her boyfriend Aster and her friends the former trainees, who just stared.

"A what-knapper?" asked Aster, frowning.

"The Boneknapper," said Gobber. "It's a disgusting foul beast that wears a giant coat of stolen bones, like a flying skeleton."

_Oh, of course. How could I forget? _Now Lenora remembered. The Boneknapper had been mentioned briefly in the Dragons Manual and then when they'd rewritten and renamed the Book of Dragons, Gobber had insisted on dictating that section of the book himself. Lenora had never actually seen a dragon like that, but she'd never had reason to believe it didn't exist. Gobber wasn't one for telling lies.

Fishlegs looked excited at this. "The Book of Dragons says that the Boneknapper will stop at nothing to find the perfect bone for its coat of armor. It's awesome!"

Stoick didn't share in Fishlegs' enthusiasm, because he just rolled his eyes and scoffed. "Come on, it's a _myth!_ It doesn't even exist!"

"I'm telling you, he's real! I've been running from him my whole life!" said Gobber, insistently. "_He's _the one who started this fire!"

Unfortunately, before anyone could even consider believing Gobber,

Lenora's Uncle Spitelout and Snotlout's father came up carrying a piece of slightly burnt clothing. "Stoick, we found Gobber's socks hanging by the stove. They must've started the fire."

The village just laughed.

"Sure it was the Boneknapper, or just your socks?" said Stoick, chuckling.

Lenora didn't join in the laughter and felt a pang of pity and sympathy for her godfather. She knew what Gobber was feeling right now. How could she not? She'd been the village joke for the years, and knew what it was like to be mocked and the brunt of peoples' laughter.

Gobber didn't join in the laughter. He just scowled as he snatched the burnt socks from Spitelout. "I don't _think _it was the Boneknapper. I _know _it was him! Somehow, he must've found me again! This dragon is pure evil!"

"Gobber, you're my best friend and my daughter's godfather, and I respect you greatly, but it's late and we're too tired for your stories," said Stoick, wearily. "Get some rest."

"_You _rest," snapped Gobber. "I'm putting an end to this once and for all!"

Without further ado, Gobber walked away and began heading down the stone staircase that led down to his boat at the docks.

Lenora felt bad for her godfather and although she knew Stoick probably wouldn't approve, she knew what she needed to do.

"I know that look," Lenora, said Aster, startling her out of her thoughts. "You're going after him, aren't you?"

"I have to, Aster," said Lenora. "He's my friend, and more importantly, he's my godfather. He was the only one who stood by me for years before I met Toothless and he's done so much for me. Even if this is just a wild goose chase, I can't let him do this alone. I need to help him or at the very least, be there for him."

She owed him that much and more. He was her godfather, her mentor and her friend.

"Hold it," said Stoick, before Lenora could chase after Gobber. "I heard everything you just said."

"Dadâ€¦|" Knowing just how protective her father was, Lenora guessed that he was probably going to tell her not to go.

"Just wait and hear me out," said Stoick, sighing. "I know how stubborn you are once your mind's made up, so I won't stop you from going, but I want you to promise me a few things first."

"Sure Dad, just name them," said Lenora, unable to believe he was letting her go.

"Promise me you'll take Toothless, Aster and the others with you, you won't be gone longer three days, and that you come home safe and in

one piece," said Stoick.

"I promise," said Lenora. She hugged her father tightly. "I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too," said Stoick, as he kissed her head.

Lenora kissed his cheek before she and Toothless chased Gobber down the path. "Hey, Gobber, wait up!" she said.

Gobber stopped in his tracks and looked at her. "What is it, lass?"

"You don't have to do this alone. Toothless and I are coming with you," said Lenora.

"We all are," said Aster. He appeared out of nowhere with their friends. "Just say the word, Gobber, and we'll head out with you."

Gobber looked touched and pleased. "Thank you, kids," he said. "Get some rest. We'll head out at first light."

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The following morning, Lenora, Gobber and her friends journeyed to find the Boneknapper.

Now, since Toothless could only carry so many people at once and Gobber didn't want more than one dragon at a time accompanying him on his journey to find the Boneknapper, they'd decided to take a boat out and have Toothless as a back-up. Unfortunately, that required everyone rowing hard to get to their intended destination. Rowing a boat big enough for them all was hard work that few of them liked, which led to quite a bit of complaining on some of the others' part.

"How on earth did I get talked into this? If I'd known we'd be rowing until our hands got blisters, I wouldn't have bothered coming," whined Snotlout.

"Oh, stop complaining, Snotlout. This isn't so bad. I've done harder work in the forge," said Lenora. It was quite true as some of her blacksmithing jobs and odd projects had been much more difficult than rowing a boat like this.

"You work this hard all the time? Man, I don't know how you do it," said Tuffnut.

"I'm used to it and besides, my dad always says that hard work builds character," said Lenora. She knew Snotlout could've used some.

Aster laughed as Snotlout and Tuffnut just looked disgruntled.

"Gobber, you okay?" asked Lenora, noticing the tears in her godfather's eyes.

"I'm alright. I justâ€¦I just want you kids to know that it touches my heart to have you all here with me to slay the Boneknapper," said

Gobber, as he sniffled. "True Vikings you are."

Lenora smiled. "Yeah, well, that's what family and friends do, right?"

Gobber nodded as he smiled back.

"Enough with the sappy talk. Are we almost there yet?" asked Ruffnut. "I'm tired and sore. How much longer do we have to keep rowing this boat?"

"Oh, you'll know we're close, when your ears explode from the Boneknapper's piercing screams," said Fishlegs. "Legend says this dragon's roar is so fierce, it can melt the flesh right off your bones."

"Really?" said Lenora, surprised. She glanced at Toothless. "Is that true, Toothless?" She knew the odds of Toothless meeting a Boneknapper were slim, but it couldn't hurt to ask.

Toothless just shrugged. He didn't know if the legends were true or not because he'd never met one before.

"It's not true," said Gobber. "The Boneknapper has no roar at all. That's why he's terrifying. He's a silent killer."

"Wait, wait, wait," said Tuffnut, frowning in confusion. "You're telling us that if we _don't _hear anything, we're dead?"

All at once, they ceased rowing and were silent as could be for a few moments.

"I don't hear anything," whispered Aster.

Suddenly, Toothless let out a small roar, which nearly gave them all a heart attack.

"Toothless!" scolded Lenora. "Honestly! What am I going to do with you?"

But the Night Fury just let out a dragon-y laugh as he put on his best innocent face.

Gobber chuckled and then he looked serious. "Did I ever tell you about the time when I met the dreaded Boneknapper?"

Lenora perked up her head in interest. "No. What happened?"

"A long time ago, I was a young lad, about your age, on summer vacation with my family, when I heard the call of nature. That's when I saw them, an army of Vikings frozen in battle! Clutched in the fingers of one of the Vikings was a treasure chest. I _had _to have it, so I broke part of the ice and then I reached in and pulled out the chest. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. But the frozen Viking was alive! He started punching me in the face, causing me to lose my tooth!

"But then he started pointing behind me, so I looked. And there it was. I never even heard it coming: the dreaded Boneknapper! It crashed into the glacier, causing an avalanche of frozen Vikings! I

ran for my life, trying to escape the avalanche and that old bag of bones, but I slid on the ice and nearly lost the treasure in the water. I managed to grab it when I reached into the water, but that frozen Viking started punching me in the face again!

"Then suddenly, the Boneknapper landed on the ice I was sitting on, and the force alone sent me flying with the treasure chest. I managed to hang onto it, but the dratted Boneknapper also wanted the treasure. But I wanted it more, so when he grabbed me and the treasure chest, I managed to get free and soar through a hole in a glacier that he crashed into. I slid on a slide of ice and then landed safely on my parents' ship. And that's how this mess all started."

Gobber laughed while they all stared at him. Some of them had disbelieving looks while the rest just looked confused.

"You expect us to believe that a frozen Viking punched you in the face?" said Snotlout, frowning.

"Yes, twice!" said Gobber, grinning.

"Well, it's not that much crazier than someone helping a downed dragon fly again," said Lenora. Her godfather's tale sounded a little far-fetched, but obviously something had happened and crazier things in Berk had occurred before. Why not this?

Gobber looked quite pleased with Lenora's support. "Thank you, Nora. You see, lads and lasses, I managed to outsmart that silent beast. That's why I'm still here."

"Uh, Gobber, I hate to be a stickler for details, but the Boneknappers are not silent," said Fishlegs, matter-of-factly.

Gobber looked exasperated. "Fishlegs, I know what I didn't hear! Ah, but I could feel it. I've always had a sixth sense for danger. I could smell anything and taste the oncoming doom."

He would've gone on, but unfortunately the ship came to shore and because no one noticed Fishlegs trying to get their attention, they hit several jagged rocks that ended up damaging the ship beyond repair and sinking it to the bottom of the sea. Unfortunately, while they were on dry land now, they were shipwrecked.

Ruffnut groaned at the sight of their boat sinking into the sea. "Great, we're shipwrecked in the middle of nowhere and no one even knows where we are! We're doomed!"

"Oh, calm down. We are not doomed. Toothless can take us home," said Lenora. It would take a few trips, but there was no dragon faster than a Night Fury. Plus, she could always fly him back to Berk and get her father's help if need be.

"Lenora's right. You needn't worry. I've been shipwrecked plenty of times," said Gobber, as he sat down on a large rock. He sighed wistfully as he thought back to times long ago. "You never forget your first shipwreck."

"Oh, this ought to be good," muttered Snotlout, as Lenora glared at

him.

"It was many years ago," said Gobber. "I was stranded on an island with only my broom. Since it was a very small island, it's no wonder the Boneknapper found me again. He never forgave me for taking that treasure. He swooped down and tried to snatch me, but I dodged him just in time and then I saw it, another island not too far away from mine. It was my only escape, but I was surrounded by bloodthirsty hammerhead sharks. I only had once chance, so I ran across the shark-infested waters and beat them back with my broom. As I ran across the waters, the Boneknapper tried to snatch me away in its sharp talons. For a moment, I didn't think I was going to make it, but then from the depths of the ocean leapt a giant hammerhead whale!"

Everyone except for Lenora and Fighlegs stared at Gobber with skepticism and disbelief at this.

"Whoa," said Fishlegs, in awe. "The hammerhead whale ate the Boneknapper?"

"Almost, but he got away," said Gobber, excitedly. "Years later, the dragon hunted me down again and chased me into the jungle. All I had was my trust egg beater, which I used to cut through that thick brush as fast as a jungle cat. Still, the Boneknapper was right behind me and was relentless in pursuing me. Growing desperate, I ran up the side of a volcano, and courageously leapt across the fiery crater. And then out of the volcano burst the giant hammerhead yak!"

Lenora couldn't believe what she was hearing. Much as she didn't want to admit, Gobber's stories were starting to sound like a child's fairytale. "Wait, so the hammerhead yak leapt out of a volcano and ate the Boneknapper?"

"Ha, you'd think so, wouldn't you? But the Boneknapper got away again!" said Gobber. "I knew that boney scoundrel would come after me again, so I took precautions for the next time."

"Precautions?" repeated Aster, in disbelief. "What precautions?"

"I set up a gauntlet of traps and waited for the beast while playing my lute. My patience paid off, for as soon as he was ready, the Boneknapper flew down from the skies and charged at me. When that happened, I ran like the wind but the traps failed! Soon, I found myself captured at the edge of a mighty cliff. I was pinned underneath that beast's talons and at his mercy, so I did what any other brave Viking would do, I called out for help. The gods must've heard my prayer, for in the clouds appeared Thor, the mighty God of Thunder! He tossed down a mighty thunderbolt."

"And the bolt hit the dragon?" asked Lenora.

"You would've thought so, wouldn't you? But Thor's bolt hit the ground beneath us. Much annoyed, I said to Thor, 'Ack! You missed!' But the god was patient and calm, and said to me, 'Wait for it.' He was right, for a few moments of waiting, out of the center of the earth burst forth the hammerhead yak riding the hammerhead whale! The whale deployed the yak and then a mighty battle between them took place. The yak beat back the Boneknapper and got me free, and then the whale flew up and swallowed part of the cliff but the Boneknapper

as well! He and the yak then departed back into the crater, but not before we all saluted one another!" said Gobber.

There was a moment's silence, and not the good kind, before Fishlegs broke it. "Whoa. The whale and the yak saluted you?"

Gobber nodded as he let out a hearty laugh. "Indeed! Can you believe it?"

Honestly, I don't know if I can. Lenora wanted to believe Gobber badly, but the entire situation and his stories were just getting crazier and less believing by the minute. Quietly, she turned to Toothless and whispered to him, "Toothless, have you ever seen a giant hammerhead whale or yak?"

Toothless nodded.

Well, that was some proof at least. Perhaps Gobber's stories did have some merit to them.

Unfortunately, by now, the others were angry, fed up and fully believing that Gobber's tales were the stuff of nonsense and beyond crazy.

Before Gobber could tell another story of how the Boneknapper had gotten away again and later found him, Snotlout interrupted. "I don't believe any of this! You totally made all this up! You don't even have proof that thing exists!"

"Of course I have proof!" said Gobber, stubbornly. "I still have the treasure! Look!" He reached into his shirt and pulled out a small bone pendant that was white as freshly fallen snow. "It was in the Viking's treasure chest. It's been my good luck charm for years!"

"It is stunning," admitted Aster. "But it's not the point. Gobber, I think it's time we stopped all this and started making plans to get home."

"Aster's right. Gobber, I know how much this means to you, but we've been out here for goodness knows how long and we're on uncharted island. We need to get home," said Lenora, gently, hoping she'd gotten through to him.

Gobber nodded as he rose up from the rock he'd been sitting on. "Say no more. I hear you loud and clear. I've got a plan. Now, who wants to be dragon bait?"

Lenora's hand flew to her forehead as everyone else cringed and backed away, leaving Fishlegs to unfortunate one to be picked as dragon bait.

Later, Fishlegs was standing underneath a large skeleton ribcage, dressed in a pitiful disguise and looking terrified. "Uh, Gobber, are you sure this is safe?" he yelled.

From where Gobber and the others all stood, which was quite a ways away, Gobber just dismissed Fishleg's fears. "Ah, safety's overrated," he said, dismissively. He then turned to the others and told them his plan. "Now, here's what's going to happen. The

Boneknapper wants me, right? So, he comes down that trail, sees Fishlegs and thinks its me. He rushes Fighlegs, causing Phil to trip that rope and drop that ribcage, trapping him and then we rush in and Toothless will finish him off. Right, Toothless?"

The Night Fury just nodded while wrapping a protective wing around Lenora. It was his way of saying that he'd fight the Boneknapper to protect her.

"It's sad when they get old," whispered Snotlout to Tuffnut.
"OW!"

The "ow" was due to Lenora and Toothless hearing his rude comment. Lenora had smacked the back of his head and Toothless had spanked Snotlout hard with his tail.

"Snotlout, be quiet," said Lenora, sternly. She turned Gobber. "Gobber, I hate to admit it, but this has gone way too far. Using Fishleg for bait is insane. We need to get home. My dad's going to be worried sick and maybe this hunt for the Boneknapper should just wait another day."

"Wormsquat!" said Gobber, dismissively. "Now, get into position!" He turned to Fishlegs, who looked terrified. "Good job, Fishlegs. You're doing fine!"

Lenora let out a sigh of exasperation as they took their positions. She then began trying and failing to persuade Gobber to stop this insanity, while the others talked amongst themselves about how crazy the situation was, not noticing that Fishlegs was trying to get their attention until he yelled, "Guys, GUYS!"

"WHAT?!" they all yelled in unison.

A loud noise made them all freeze.

"It's right behind us, isn't it?" muttered Lenora.

Karma could be a real cow, because when they turned around they saw the Boneknapper, dressed in a suit of armor made entirely of bones and it looked like a giant skeleton. It was huge, even bigger than Snotlout's Monstrous Nightmare back in Berk and it didn't look happy. Not the best of combinations.

Everyone braced themselves for the Boneknapper's legendary ear-shattering roar, but when the dragon opened its mouth, no roar emitted from the Boneknapper's throat, just a pitiful little squeak.

"Well, what do you know?" said Aster, surprised. "No roar."

But just because the Boneknapper couldn't roar, didn't mean it was defenseless. It shot out a powerful burst of flame from its mouth as they ran. Everyone believed Gobber now. Who wouldn't, now that the proof of his stories was right in front of them?

"Toothless!" yelled Lenora. "Try and distract him while I get the others away!"

The Night Fury quickly leapt into action. Toothless let out a

powerful roar and then began attacking the Boneknapper, but it did little good as the Boneknapper was a great deal larger than Toothless and therefore stronger as well.

Lenora and the others ended up being tossed aside like ragdolls onto the ground before Phil set off the trap, leaving them underneath the giant skeleton cage.

"Phil!" scolded Gobber.

But there was little time for that as they narrowly dodged the Boneknapper's second fire-breath attack. He was then knocked down by Toothless' own fire-breath attack before trying again. The Boneknapper leapt on top of the cage and began trying to get them with his teeth.

"Ahh!" screamed Snotlout. "Don't eat me! I'm too handsome too die!"

"Snotlout, either be a man and help us or just _shut up!_" yelled Lenora, in both exasperation and frustration. Yelling was perhaps, a bit extreme, but Lenora's cousin really wasn't helping and panicking didn't do any good.

Snotlout fell silent and without the distraction, Lenora was able to think of a plan. From her place in the cage, she could see the Boneknapper's chest and noticed a piece missing from its bone-armor chest plate. The hole was shaped exactly like Gobber's pendant. _It searches for the perfect bone to complete its suit of armor. _Suddenly, it hit her. No wonder the skeleton dragon had been pursuing Gobber for so many years!

"Gobber, take off your pendant!" said Lenora.

Gobber stared at her. "Excuse me?"

"Listen, I think Fishlegs was right. The Boneknapper's supposed to have a roar, but maybe he can't because the bone he needs is your pendant!" explained Lenora.

"She's right. Gobber, you have to give it back, please!" said Aster, in agreement.

Instead of being smart and handing it over, Gobber decided to be stubborn. "No way! It's mine!"

Then suddenly, the Boneknapper managed to reach inside the cage, grab Gobber's wooden leg and he began flinging Gobber around like a dog with its chew toy.

"Gobber!" yelled Lenora. _Why does no one ever listen to me?
_"Toothless, Plan B!"

Toothless ceased his attack on the Boneknapper and managed to break the skeleton cage. Lenora quickly got onto Toothless' back and they flew into the air, trying to catch Gobber or at least get his pendant to the Boneknapper.

"Gobber, give the Boneknapper back his bone!" yelled Lenora.

"No!" said Gobber, stubbornly.

"Give him back his bone!"

"I said, _no!_"

At that point, Lenora was scared and angry, and so she made the one threat she knew Gobber would listen to.

"GOBBER, IF YOU DON'T GIVE THE BONEKNAPPER BACK HIS BONE _THIS INSTANT _I'LL _NEVER_ MAKE HONEY SPICE CAKES WITH CREAM EVER AGAIN!" yelled Lenora.

Gobber paled and actually looked scared. Lenora's honey spice cakes with cream, which were of her own secret recipe, were Gobber's favorite food in the world. She only made them twice a year, on Gobber's birthday and for the Snoggletog feast. He loved them to the point where he practically inhaled them and considered them the highlights of the year.

"Okay, okay, I'll do it!" yelled Gobber. He yanked off his pendant and flung it to the dragon. It landed right in the empty place on the Boneknapper's chest right as Toothless caught Gobber with his claws and lowered him safely to the ground.

The Boneknapper shook itself a bit and then let out an ear-splitting roar before it leaned its head towards Gobber. Everyone tensed and prepared for the worst, but much to everyone's shock and relief, the Boneknapper just let out a happy croon before nuzzling Gobber.

What was even more surprising yet amusing was the fact that Gobber began tickling its chin and making cooing noises as it happily flopped onto its back and wagged its boney tail. "Aren't you the cutest thing? Yes, you are. Yes, you are!"

"Unbelievable," said Ruffnut, shaking her head.

"I'm just glad it's over," said Snotlout. "At least now we can get home in one trip."

The Boneknapper was more than large enough and strong enough for them all to fly back to Berk and by the looks of things; the skeleton-wearing dragon would be more than happy to help them.

"Yeah, but are we coming home with the dreaded Boneknapper or an overgrown puppy dog?" joked Aster, making everyone laugh.

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So, with their new friend in tow, the Vikings headed back to Berk.

Aster and Lenora were flying on Toothless' back, while Gobber and the others were riding the Boneknapper, whom he'd declared Bonehead. The skeleton dragon kept letting out happy noises as they flew together over the sea.

"He sure seems glad to have his bone back," said Aster.

"Well, legend says that the Boneknapper's roar is its mating call," said Fishlegs, thoughtfully.

Gobber shook his head. "Ah, that's just a myth!"

Suddenly, the cries of other dragons had them all turn their heads. There were at least four other Boneknapper dragons flying up from behind them.

"Holy crap," muttered Lenora.

Gobber just let out a hearty laugh. "Well, I think Stoick will believe me now, eh, Lenora?"

"Indeed he will, Gobber!" said Lenora, laughing. Her father was going to go berserk when they got home.

One thing was for certain. Life in Berk was never going to be dull, not in the slightest.

The End

End
file.